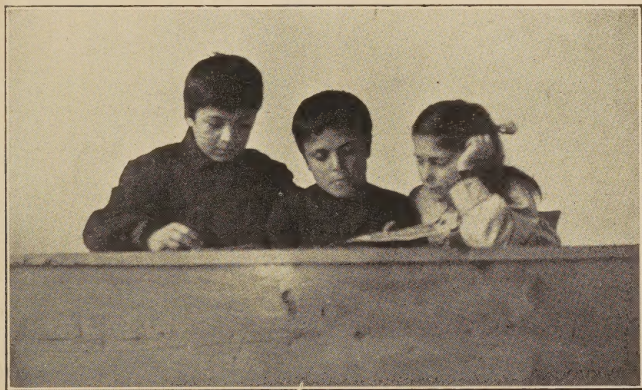


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Children of the Realm of Silence



The Beginning

Annitsa sat alone with her burden, thinking of the words of the women who had said "There must be some great sin in your life else God would never have given you such a child as Theodoros." The child was her great problem, her great sorrow and yet she loved him—her first-born. And Theodoros? There he was a little bit of humanity playing outside the door with other children of the street. He was six years old, round faced, bright eyed,—yet with a questioning uncertain look,—underfed and poorly clad, but wearing the bright red fez which the mother of the Turkish empire loves to put on the head of her boy proudly showing that he is a son not a daughter. To all outward appearance he was as good as his neighbors, but he never spoke; he was a deaf mute. So long as his will was not crossed Theodoros was a sunny, good natured child; but when his will was thwarted, his baby wrath ruled supreme and the family was helpless to

control that spirit which could not express itself in words or be helped by the words of others. There was every prospect that he, like other deaf mutes whom they had known, would grow up restless, uncontrolled, unreasonable and unhappy—a burden to himself and to his friends.

Theodoros' mother was a washer of floors in the college at Marsovan, and his sister was a pupil in the girls' school. Through them the attention of the missionaries was called to this child, and sympathy led to the suggestion that he be received into the primary Greek school of the mission—a seemingly doubtful experiment since no one within reach knew anything about methods of teaching the deaf. Theodoros' first lesson was in stringing beads; two red, two blue, two red, two blue, and then in groups of three. The interest with which he worked on this important and serious business was encouraging. When black-board work was attempted it was

found that he had no control of his hand; his best effort to make a figure one under the copy set for him was a wavering zigzag. He had not been long in school before he realized that he was the poorest clothed child there and he felt the fact keenly, so going home one day he told his mother by signs that all the children in the school wore beautiful clothes and that his were very bad. He grew eloquent and said as plainly as if he had words, "Look at these old shoes of mine; you must go and work at washing and get money to buy me some new ones." The mother obeyed the order and the child came back to school.

With patient work of months Theodoros made some progress. He was learning obedience and some degree of self control: he could do a little sewing, and to our great satisfaction was gaining in his power to follow a copy.

When the closing exercises of the year came, and the children were preparing songs and recitations for the great day when fathers and mothers,

brothers and sisters would crowd the little school house to see and hear, Theodoros was among the most interested and quite insisted on taking his full part. It was pathetic to see him as he stood with the other children when they sang, moving his lips as he saw them do; he even took his turn in going onto the platform and giving a would-be recitation.

At the end of the last school year Theodoros for the first time took a real part in the public exercises. Perched on a bench before the high black board he in creditable fashion passed his examination in arithmetic, first in writing the numbers from one to nine, and then doing simple examples in addition and subtraction; he was able to do any such example provided it did not involve a number higher than nine.

As he continued in school it became increasingly clear that he had all the ability of the hearing children, and needed only one who could lead him in order that he might enjoy the same knowledge and development as they. Those who watched his development



THE MARTHA KING SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



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became burdened with the sense of how little it would be possible for them to do for him. They could teach him only of such things as he could see. How was he to learn of spiritual truth? His mother had tried to influence him when he was disobedient at home by pointing upward and signing to him that one was there who was angry with him. Was this all that Theodoros might ever know of the love and will of God?

It was thought that there might be a Christian school somewhere in Turkey where the deaf were taught; but investigation showed that there was no such school in the empire. Concern for this child led to an inquiry as to the number of deaf mutes in the country, and the doctor's estimates were that the proportion was about the same as in the United States. The knowledge of these facts, and the unconscious appeal of little Theodoros pressed upon the Marsovan missionaries the need of providing for the education of the deaf.

The story of the step by step leading in this matter is too long to be

related here; results only can be given. In September 1908, at the invitation of the Marsovan missionaries, Miss Galene Philadelphus entered the Teachers' Training Class of Clark School for the Deaf in Northampton, Massachusetts, and two years later returned to Turkey to teach in the school for the deaf which was then opened in connection with Anatolia Girls' School in Marsovan. The friends of Miss King whose name the school bears provided money for the purchase of a small house and lot, and for the greater part of the expense of the first two years.

"Annitsa there must be some great sin in your life else God would never have given you such a son"—the words were a burden to the ignorant mother until in a Christian sermon she heard Christ's answer to the question, "Who did sin this man or his parents that he was born blind?" Theodoros is the corner stone of the first Christian school for the deaf in the Turkish empire and may it not be that his deafness is to be to the glory of God?

C. R. W.

The Tongueless Ones

Tongueless, but not according to our understanding of the word. They each have a little round, red tongue as lively and as quick to appreciate sweets as any American boy's. Tongueless, because their ears have been stopped by scarlet fever or some other misfortune and their little tongues are capable only of discordant sounds and meaningless babblings. "Tongueless ones" is the Turkish name for deaf mutes.

The opening days of the King School this fall were full of interest and of surprising events. Almost all deaf children have marked peculiarities or are subject to sudden outbreaks of anger or strong feeling of some kind, due no doubt to impatience at not being able to understand others or to be understood by them. Consequently in the beginning of a new year, before the pupils have learned anything about self control the unexpected frequently happens.

One day in September, 1911, a tiny

girl was unceremoniously tossed into a carriage containing a teacher and two students just starting for Anatolia Girls' School. She wore a cotton dress of brilliant purple, the designs on which would have been more appropriate for a cathedral window than for a barefooted mite of seven. But this gay new gown could scarcely console Aznive's new friends for the unspeakable condition of the rest of her outfit, which consisted chiefly of a tousled head, a garment or two beneath the purple, and her little ragged mattress. However, their more refined tastes were all lost on the young Aznive. Her big brown eyes were full of friendliness, and confidence in man and beast; and she settled herself comfortably to enjoy whatever marvelous things might come to her in the great world she was seeing for the first time. Five days of swaying and rocking in the high wobbly Turkish araba followed; four nights were spent in the queer big



CHILDREN IN SCHOOL ROOM

khans, where a little girl full of curiosity could peep through the cracks in the floor at the horses and goats and donkeys, and almost any kind of an animal below, except a pig. Nobody in Turkey raises pigs except a few foreigners. Aznive being quick and agile escaped her guardians many times, and fearlessly satisfied her desire to investigate everything she saw. It was with a feeling of intense relief, therefore, that they turned her over at last to the authorities at the Girls' School.

Her first experience at school was that of being sent to the Turkish bath, where her elfish locks were mercilessly condemned and snipped off. Out of the bath she came as dainty a little maid as could be imagined. The next day being Sunday, Aznive appeared among the other girls ready for church, her round rosy face framed in a soft white yasma, or native kerchief, and her bright enquiring eyes beaming with pride over her first shoes, a pair miles too large, which one of the missionaries had given her.

That Sunday will long be remembered at the Girls' School. It was four days before the King School was expected to open or the teachers to arrive. Aznive was a problem. There was nothing ill-natured about her; but she was possessed of such insatiable curiosity that it seemed impossible for a dozen people to keep her out of mischief. She treated all quite impartially, bestowing her winning smiles, her slaps of good fellowship or disapproval, and sometimes even kicks, alike upon those in and those under authority. Fortunately for the mission station, a slight attack of malaria laid Aznive low for several days and gave a little respite to those in charge of her.

Two days after Aznive's arrival one of the college students brought a new boy for the deaf school, the dearest boy of twelve years old, with the gentlest, sweetest manners in the world. Panos came highly recommended by the missionaries of Hadjin and by the young man who had travelled seven days with him; yet no one felt surprised when the cry

went abroad "The new boy is lost ! The new boy is lost ! He hasn't been seen since he left the bath." It was just at dusk and for a little while there was hurrying in all directions. Much anxiety was felt lest he might have wandered out of the compound trying to find his way home, and gotten lost in the city. At last, however, he was found at the College, where he had gone in a most business like manner to look for his bedding, which had not been brought to the Girls' School. From that day to this he has not caused anyone a moment's uneasiness. He is always bright and cheerful, and is a helpful companion to the other children.

On Tuesday an old woman from a city three days' journey came with her little granddaughter, a timid, nervous little child about six years old, who would bury her face in her grandmother's dress if any one noticed her. She had never been controlled in her life. When supper time came Siranoush refused to go to the dining-room, and the grandmother looked up helplessly at the child's new teacher.

"Why, that doesn't make any difference," said the teacher ; "just carry her in." The old woman obediently picked her up. But Siranoush, tired from the long journey, no doubt, and frightened too, at being in such a great, strange building, lifted up her voice in shrieks that could be heard at the College and that sounded as if she were being murdered. She kept up her convulsive crying during supper. After supper she insisted upon sitting down in the court and there the grandmother had to stay for two hours because Siranoush didn't want to move. Not until the imperious little one had finally dropped off to sleep did the weary grandmother venture to carry her to bed.

Fortunately the pupils for the King School came one by one, thus giving the teachers time to learn the individual characteristics and to get a firm grip upon each child. During those first few days there were many lessons in obedience and self control, some of them serious, very serious, and others rather diverting. In the minds of several people there remains

a vivid impression of the laughing, irresponsible Aznive sitting on a box trying to think. The effort had proved too great and she was looking the picture of woe. Some beautiful white and blue and green glass beads lay unnoticed in a little heap at her side. A friendly caller knelt down by her and tried to interest her in the rows. Aznive looked at them indifferently and heaved a deep sigh. Then the visitor struck with a brilliant idea, began to put the colors in the wrong order. This would have been enough, under ordinary circumstances, to subject her to a good whack over the head from the child. But Aznive had been put there to think where she had left her scissors, and her little untrained memory just wouldn't work, so glass beads and all the other delights of her new world had turned, for a time, to mere frivolous baubles.

The lawlessness of the children perhaps may be said to have come to a climax the Sunday after school opened, after which time things took a turn for the better. Kevosk announced that he was going to find

his father; and he started off. It took one person to manage him. A volunteer helper offered to take charge of the two girls; but Aznive was suddenly seized with an impulse to wander in forbidden paths, while Siranoush, breaking away unexpectedly, ran off to the Girls' School. Fortunately a teacher at the school had some pretty pictures sent her by friends in America to make scrapbooks of. Siranoush played very happily with these until some of the girls gathered around her; then she slipped away like a little wild creature, ran quickly into the room where her grandmother had slept, climbed into her bed and drew the covers tightly around her. Persuasions were wholly ineffective, and she was carried back to the King School, screaming with rage.

About a week later the writer was invited to take a walk with the King School children. The change in those little ones in so short a time hardly seemed possible. They went where they were told; the older boys looked after the younger ones and took care of the little girls; and Kevork, who

can hit anything he throws a stone at, obeyed, when forbidden to knock down some English walnuts from the tree. He went through with some funny gestures to intimate that it would be all right if he gave the nuts to the American ladies; but he was very good natured about it when told not to do so.

Perhaps the most amusing thing that has taken place at the King School was a theological discussion among the children! Pavlos, one of last year's boys, with capital mimicry went through with the services of the Greek church as he had seen them in his village, and he showed the others the proper way of taking communion. Panos, however, objected to so much form and ceremony, and he showed how it was done among the Protestants. Then the two boys looking about for disciples began to examine the other children as to their church preferences. It was found that Kevork crossed himself; therefore he naturally sided with Pavlos. Kevork is an Armenian whose people are Georgians; but the churches have no real meaning to the deaf children beyond the outward ceremony, and they don't

even know that there are different languages in the world. Panos then sounded seven-year-old Aznive, who was so pleased to receive such attention from him, that she immediately allied herself with the Protestant cause.

This year the King School opens with last year's class of Greeks and six new Armenian pupils. The difficulty about organizing a school for the deaf in Turkey, is that there are many nationalities, and each child must be taught to speak his mother tongue. This requires more teachers, and greatly increases the expense. Some Greek children had to be turned away this year because it was impossible, with the present number of teachers, to start two new classes in the same year.

It is a real pleasure to pay a visit to the deaf children. They are as merry and full of fun as other children, and it is just wonderful to see how much they can make you understand by signs. We are looking forward with keen enjoyment to the time when they shall discover that they are learning different languages.

A. B. C.

Christmas in the Realm of Silence

No, not among the polar snows; there the crackling sound of thawing ice now and then accentuates the stillness. And not in deserts, waste and uninhabited; for there the midnight roar of prowling lion sometimes chills the blood of the traveller. But in a region right around us, a region where children's joyous cries of "Merry Christmas" never penetrate, and where the thunder of Niagara is comprehended merely by the vibration of the air about the body—in the soundless realm, the realm where live the deaf.

Into this vast dominion, which belts the earth and stretches from pole to pole, we tried to enter one day, with nine little mutes, who live in one wee corner of it, the King School for the deaf, lately opened at Marsovan, Turkey. These little ones represent but a small fraction, nine-fifteen thousandths of the number of deaf mutes estimated to live in the Turkish Empire; yet they are the only ones of that number receiving Christian

training.

Their work was to have closed for the holidays with some games and a Christmas tree; but just before they began the Kaimakam, with two Turkish officers and the Minister of Education, came to visit the school. Plans had to be changed, therefore, and some regular work introduced lest the visitors think the school given over to frivolity. That is a statement of the case from our standpoint. Now for an hour we are going to imagine ourselves in that realm of silence, looking out upon the world through the eager eyes of the children of the King School.

On the table is a snow scene that they have made by covering their toys with cotton. There is a hill with cardboard children coasting on cardboard sleds. The deaf children since coming to Marsovan have learned to coast and they enjoy it. But, to them the hilarious shouts of the other boys and girls, the delightful

whizzing of the sleds over the ice, even the discordant sounds of their own undeveloped voices, do not exist. The real hillside is as silent as the cotton hill on the table. They have never heard a band play, or a bird sing. They have never once heard the sound of a tender voice.

We are going now to forget everything we've ever learned through our ears. We've always made use of the universal language for the deaf, the language of signs. We did not know until recently that words existed. We've spent a short time with a lady who has taught us to put our tongues and lips in certain positions and blow through them. When we do that people understand what we mean. Sometimes we feel a jarring in our chests, when we imitate the lady. We have discovered that by watching her lips we can tell what she wants us to do. We are seated in little chairs in a half circle around her, and many people are watching us. She moves her lips and we get up, we run, we find the ball, we toss the ball, and we do many things. We are athrill with

desire to do well, and we lean far over to watch the teacher's mouth. We know that there is something wrong with our heads. Pavlos made signs one day that he wanted his head cut open and the thing set right so that he could understand. But we've learned that if we can only imitate the teacher people can understand us, and oh, we do so long to understand and be understood! The people look at us with wonder; and sometimes they laugh, but sometimes they have tears in their eyes.

Once we were very naughty little children, and we aren't perfect yet; but here we don't have time to be naughty. We are learning many useful things, and we are happy because the people are finding a way for us to get out of our prison. Kevork was called the bad boy of Amasia. People from there can hardly believe it when they see how well he behaves here. Kevork's father took him to many doctors, but they couldn't help him. Once he took the boy to a holy man. The holy man said "Yes, I could cure him, but I should have to fast 40

days and read over him. I am a very old man. I am too old to fast now. I will not heal your boy."

Panos came a long, long distance, nine days in a wagon, and three days on horseback. Panos was not like the rest of us; he was good and gentle when he came. His mother wrote a letter telling what a dear boy he was, and how they had signs for everything and could understand each other. Panos knew about God and was converted several years ago. We don't know much about Him now, except that He lives in the sky. This is His place. It is a very clean place. There is no quarreling or fighting here, and people are always kind.

One of the new things we've been learning at the King School is the pleasure of giving. Before we came here we kept everything for ourselves. Kevork has two little sisters, and he never gave them anything in his life. He is going home to-morrow for the holidays and he is going to take them some candy he's been saving for them. It's queer what a change comes over people who live in God's place. We

decorated that little tree in the center of the room. It is a gift tree. We never saw one before we came here. We made the pretty colored ornaments out of soft, thin paper. We also made the gifts under the tree for our guests and our teachers—all except three beautiful little lace collars which Panos' mother sent to some of his friends here. You can tell by the light in our eyes how much we are anticipating your surprise. You shall have them as soon as Aznive and Siranoush finish passing those little white boxes. Then you must bow and smile; and we will bow and smile, also, which means that it was a great joy to us to give you some pretty things.

We made those little boxes too, out of white paper, and pasted the tiny red paper flower on top of each, and we filled them with candy and leblebies. Don't you know what leblebies are? You haven't been in Turkey long then. Even the poorest child here can have leblebbies sometimes. They are chick pease roasted in the ground until they are brown

and crisp all the way through.

Did you see that woman just now receive a box of candy from Aznive without saying thank you? Aznive was looking up expectantly just ready to reply. She hesitated a second, with her shiny eyes full of astonishment, and then she made the woman the prettiest little bow in the world and passed on. When Aznive came here she didn't have any manners at all—not one. People called her the gypsy.

But the greatest change of all has been in Siranoush. To appreciate it you ought to have seen her at first. She was afraid of everybody; she used to shriek for hours, and she would run away and hide like a little wild creature.

Yervant is the pale boy. He is very poor and he lives with a step brother-in-law who doesn't want him. He is very happy here, and he begs not to be sent home for vacation. Yervant has very clever hands, although they tremble so. Sometimes he holds up his scissors and a piece of paper while we stand around and watch. "This is to be a cat," he tells us; and in

about a minute he has cut out the finest cat. "And this is a mouse," and it looks like a real mouse. Then he makes the cat catch and eat the mouse. He can cut out many animals. Yervant is very grateful. Once he was sick and the teacher gave him some pills. He was proud as an earl of those pills; it made him so happy to think that any one cared enough for him to give him medicine.

Pavlos, Theodoros and Sophia were here last year, and they know a great deal more than the rest of us. A few days ago they wrote their first letters home. They wrote your invitations for to-day.

At last the governor and his party rise to leave. The Christmas party is over and we older folk come back to our grown up selves with a start. Just before the last guests leave, however, we pause a little for the teacher is sending all the children, except Panos, out of the room. They don't know what is coming, but they are sure it is something nice. Panos is in the secret; in fact, it is his secret. With face shining with happi-



CHILDREN MAKING GARDEN

ness he goes into another room and returns with his arms full of little white paper parcels, which he places about the room. The children are then called in, given little cards with figures on them, and told to match them. It is great fun to watch Panos. He follows their every movement with his eyes, and enjoys their surprise on finding presents for themselves—a pencil, an orange, and a bit of chocolate for each one. His mother sent him money to buy these things. Then the children discover who gave them and crowd around to thank him, each child being very particular about the manners of the others. And Panos beams upon them like a benevolent grandfather looking all the world as if he were saying: "Bless you, my children. A Merry Christmas to you all!"

Two weeks later, on the Oriental New Year, which is the regular day for presenting gifts in this country, the writer had the pleasure of taking supper at the King School, and seeing the children who did not go home for the holidays open their gifts. The

table was very simply spread, and was ornamented with a band of red and green paper down the center. The presents were in little piles at each child's place. We bowed our heads a moment for the silent blessing and then motioned to the children to open their gifts. For half an hour at least there was no sound but the rustling of the paper and occasionally a little moan from Aznive; but I doubt if any of us can ever forget the rapture on their dear little faces, or the sparkle of their starry eyes.

And such simple things to create so much happiness! Now and then one little hand would be waved frantically in the air to call attention to the treasure carefully guarded by the other hand—a tiny doll three inches high for each little girl, a wee brown lamb two inches long, a ball, a bit of ribbon, a knife for the boy, a piaster in a little chocolate box. Material for an apron with a bit of lace to trim it, delights Sophia's feminine soul! O the thrill of it all! Each child has two little handkerchiefs bordered with pink or blue.

Their little hands have been busy this fall hemming their own handkerchiefs, so they know how to appreciate these pretty ones. All the presents except a few choice ones are at last put on another table so that we may have supper. Little Siranoush is as sedate as possible, but now and then her tiny hand steals over to give her dolly or her lamb a ride in an express wagon about big enough to convey a mosquito. They tumble out of course,

and a look from the dignified supervisor recalls little Siranoush to her sense of proprieties, but cannot prevent her round bright eyes from casting furtive glances of satisfaction at her treasures.

When we left them they could only shake hands with us in the poorest manner, but they did not need words to express the gratitude they felt ; we read it in their faces.

A. B. C.



Sophia When She First Came To Us — "The
Tongueless One"



Sophia, "The Speaking Child"

The Speaking Child

A year ago when little Sophia left her home high up among the mountains to come to Marsovan, she, too, was called the "Tongueless one", and she had a reputation among the people of her village for bad temper and stubbornness. It was a transformed little girl who returned in June. Her deft little hands could sew, could wash the dishes, sweep, make the house tidy, and, most wonderful of all, could write neatly in a copy book they had made. Her bright eyes, that once had been almost drawn together by ugly frowns, could look straight at one with laughter and good will shining in them. And they could do another thing ; by look-

ing closely at people's lips they could tell what others were saying. Her own red lips easily parted in a smile, and her once silent little tongue could help frame a number of simple sentences.

The village gathered about the child in wonder. It was a miracle, they said. To two missionaries visiting the place during the summer they could talk of nothing but "the speaking child"; and they brought her for the missionaries to marvel at. Among other things she repeated to them "God is Love"; and the untaught mountain women repeated after her, "God is love." Truly a little child is leading them.

A. B. C.

This booklet is sent out by friends of the King School for the Deaf at Marsovan, Turkey, in the hope that some may be enough interested in the Tongueless Ones to pledge annual gifts for the support of this school. The school has no permanent fund, and has the prospect of closing its second year with nothing in the treasury for the year following. Money may be sent by a draft on London. Address Miss Charlotte R. Willard, Marsovan, Turkey.

